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From the Author

SUPPLEMENT

TO

THE PROGRESS OF SATIRE,

CONTAINING

REMARKS ON THE PURSUER OF LITERATURE'S
DEFENCE.

Ad populum phaleras: ego te intus et in cute novi. PERS.

LONDON,

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Reply to the Letter prefixed to the Translations of the Greek, Latin, &c. in The Pursuits of Literature, was (excepting a few expressions) written soon after that Letter appeared. The publication of it has been delayed by several occurrences; one of which the writer cannot help considering as "*a weak invention of the enemy.*"—He has the strongest reasons for believing that the person to whom he has so often alluded, if not absolutely the Author of The Pursuits of Literature, is at least his chief confederate. But these, with other proofs, will be produced by another writer. In the mean time, till the person in question shall, *under his hand*, deny all concern, direct or indirect, with that publication, his conduct has made him responsible for the contents.

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SUPPLEMENT

TO

THE PROGRESS OF SATIRE.

THE Answer (if it can be called one) which has been lately given to *The Progress of Satire*, may be thought by many readers not to deserve a Reply; as the little Satirist's abilities are become, since his *Shade of Pope*, "not so formidable," and his reputation for candour could never, even in his best days, have intitled him to substitute assertion for proof. Yet, as some, who have not read *The Progress of Satire*, might form their opinions from the statements of an adversary, it may not be amiss to remark on a few of the to-

pics in this notable Answer; after which the *Pursuer of Literature* and his Defender (*alinusque et idem (a)*) may be quietly left to their fate.

But, first, let me disclaim any intention of replying to his sarcasms, of retorting his contemptuous expressions, or interrupting him in the enjoyment of his *wit* and *humour*. This last measure would indeed be cruel; as the enjoyment is likely to be confined to his dear self; or, at most, will not extend beyond the Partners in that *(b)* Firm, which manufactured the *Pursuits of Literature*.

(a) In the beginning of his Letter he expresses great curiosity to know the Author of *The Pursuits of Literature*: In the course of it he describes the poetical education of this *unknown* Author, and in the last paragraph speaks in language, and after a manner, that no one but the Author would use. But it is ridiculous to endeavour to prove what every reader must feel. *Aut Morus aut Diabolus.* "None but himself can be his parallel."

(b) He declares indeed the whole of his work to be the production of one writer. But who is to believe the assertion of an anonymous author? and especially of one not *peculiarly celebrated* for his attachment to truth?

I cannot,

I cannot, however, help remarking, and with some degree of satisfaction, that this Gentleman at length manifestly is in the state of mind which he has taken so much pains to excite in others. He is sufficiently provoked to gratify the utmost desire of his adversaries: for, not to mention that scurrility is the surest proof of anger, what can the Public think of a laboured Answer of sixty pages to a Pamphlet of little more than thirty? Or will any man of sense believe the writer can really *feel* that contempt which he is pleased to express? unless, indeed, such contempt may be inferred from the degree of talent displayed in his Answer.

One observation more shall conclude these preliminary remarks.—There are few abuses of Literature more frequently and severely condemned by the little Satirist, than what is termed *Book-making*: there are few complaints more frequent with him than the exorbitant prices of literary works. What then must the Public think of such a writer's consistency, who, having published Notes in four different languages (besides his

own) untranslated, when this mode is censured, as inconvenient to his Readers, condescends at last to translate "for the Country Gentlemen;" but, instead of annexing those translations to his book (or presenting them gratuitously to the purchasers of it), prints them in a separate volume, at nearly half the price of the original work? —If this be not mere *Book-making*; if this may not be deemed literary extortion, let us be told, what practice in an Author may better deserve that title.

In his furious attack on the poor *Progressionist* (as he so facetiously terms the Author of *The Progress of Satire*) he is determined to begin *in limine*, and quarrels even with the motto prefixed to his work; as if the epithet complained of was not an exact imitation of the Latin expression in Persius; as if the public taste had never been arraigned, and even ridiculed, in any (c) respectable work previous to *The Progress of*

(c) The Author of *The Baviad*, with whom the little Satirist endeavours to make a common cause, and whom (for that and other

of *Satire*; as if by the Public is not always meant (on such occasions) the hasty and superficial, and the prejudiced and partial reader, classes sufficiently numerous to be denominated *the Public* in a general and poetical sense.

But, to advert to the chief topics of his exculpatory Letter—

He refers to the practice of former Satirists; and, in the same breath that he admits the conduct of one writer, cannot be justified by that of another, pleads it in extenuation (at least) of his own. Whether the Pursuer of Literature will be intitled, by the originality of his genius, the *purity* of his style, the *lucid arrangement* of his matter, and the permanent nature of his subjects, to be ranked with classical Satirists, or will be viewed in that light by posterity, I will not here discuss.

other reasons) he grossly flatters, has censured the taste of the Public, both as to poetry and the drama, in the most unqualified and contemptuous terms. In a certain sense, he was in the right. When the *Baviad* first appeared, the *Della Crusca* Poems were nearly as popular as the *Pursuits of Literature* was when in the zenith of its reputation.

But,

But, if example is to justify every species of personal satire, let us take an example which he himself has chosen, that of Pope. Exceptionable, and indeed indefensible, as I conceive that great poet to be, in many instances, I call upon the Pursuer to shew me any considerable number of passages (perhaps I might say even one) where an individual is attacked *by name*, unless the character of that individual was notoriously profligate, as those of Ward, Waters, Chartres, &c. or unless he had first publicly libelled or provoked the Author; to which last case may be referred almost all the personal satire of the Dunciad. Here then a manifest distinction arises between the satirist (Pope) and the lampooner, as I venture to call my little *friend*, the Pursuer of Literature. The former must, it is true, advert to the vices, and even the follies, of individuals, in illustration of general principles: but where their offences are of a less malignant nature, they are alluded to, under fictitious names, or described by their characters:—and how shall such allusions be expounded; how shall such descriptions be understood, unless there is some justice in the application? However the colours may be over-

charged by the Poet's imagination, at least the outline must be just.—This consideration is of great importance. The practice of our principal Satirists affords some protection against unjust and consequently inapplicable censure. But when a writer assails various persons *by name*, and sometimes in their private concerns, in what a situation does he place the objects of his Satire? The characters of these persons, being probably unknown to the world, must be taken from the representations of an enemy, or each must publish a laboured justification; which, from the private nature of the subject, scarcely any one will read. Yet the attack (being comprised in a work that interests curiosity and gratifies malice) is perhaps circulated throughout the kingdom.

We require (he tells us) “a kind of perfection in the Pursuits of Literature.”—To require perfection in any writer is certainly unjust: and it were well if the Pursuer himself had remembered this in the judgments he has pronounced on others. But from whom should a nearer approach to perfection

section be required than from him who shews so little indulgence to the frailties of his brethren? from him who announces himself to the world as the reformer of taste, and the Dictator in Literature? Surely, if the faults of such a writer are looked into with a microscopic eye, he has of all men the least reason to complain (*d*). May we not request of such a writer that he would "pluck out the beam"—I ask pardon: (No image or metaphor is to be drawn from Scripture, even in the most serious passage!) but may we not say to him, in the words of a Heathen Poet,

"Cum tua praevideas oculis mala lippus inunctis,

"Cur in amicorum vitiis tam cernis acutum?"

To

(*d*) He asks, "with great temper" (as he assures us), "whether in any satirical poem, of the same extent and *variety* of subjects, so few instances of imprudence or impropriety or inattention can be produced?"—The question is artfully put; for in no other satirical poem, perhaps, can so great a "*variety* of subjects" be found; and the principal charge against the Pursuer is the having unnecessarily multiplied his subjects, for the sake of ridiculing and depreciating respectable persons, or (which is nearly as bad) having ridiculed respectable persons merely to give a greater variety to his work. But, omitting that

To the instances of misconduct produced, "a complete Answer has (he assures us) been given in the Introductory Letter to *The Pursuits of Literature*."

Now the particular instances given in *The Progress of Satire*, so far from being distinctly answered in the Letter alluded to, were chosen for the express purpose of shewing the inefficacy of that general answer which the Letter contains. The Pursuer of Literature had defended himself partly on the ground of "playfulness and humour," partly by the assertion of (e) a principle unsound in itself, and at all events inapplicable to many of

that part, we may reverse the general question, and ask, Whether in any satirical poem (that deserves the name of a *Poem*) so many improprieties, of the kind I have described, so many instances of wanton, unprovoked, and unnecessary attacks on individuals, can be pointed out?

(e) *Viz.* That one error or foible, however trifling (for he makes no exception) taints and corrupts the whole mind. See page 10 of the Prefatory Letter to the Pursuits of Literature, 7th Edition.—If this be not the meaning of the words "*when the understanding is enervated, &c.*" the passage is a mere truism, and has no application to the charges brought against him.

the persons assailed by him. Instances were therefore selected, which certainly could not be deemed playful or humorous, and yet which the writer could scarcely mean to justify on any other pretence. What is the *sagacious* Answer? It is, that most of the passages alluded to were meant as "serious and severe:" a defence resembling that of the attorney, who, being indicted for "lying in wait to *maim*," alleged, his intention was not to *maim* but to *murder*. But must we then alter the shape of these questions? Must we ask whether the profession and official situation of one man, the taste and amusements (allowed to be innocent) of another, the mode of managing his health by a third, and the (f) countenance of a fourth, are proper subjects for serious and public reprehension?—Such questions would be ludicrous in the extreme. Yet, as all these are made the topics of public satire, will the Pursuer be pleased to

(f) Let the reader turn to Rivington's Annual Register for 1792 (Chap. vi. p. 93) for the character and misfortunes of the Bishop of Leon, and then say, what the man must be who can deliberately insult this illustrious exile.

tell

tell us on what *other* grounds he would defend its propriety?

"Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?"

But, unless we are to be told that Satire of every kind and degree, upon every person, however respectable, and upon every action of his life, however innocent, is laudable and right, the Pursuer must, I fear, stand convicted at the tribunal of Candour and of Honour, since he refuses to join issue on the facts alleged.

To the (g) argument against anonymous Satire, we have, if possible, a more curious answer. Anonymous attacks on *private* characters are justified by the example of Junius, who attacked *public* characters alone. Without entering into the dispute between that writer and his indiscreet but generous antagonist (about which "opinions are indeed various"), would

(g) That argument, I conceive to be unanswerable; and, as a *general* argument, there is no attempt to answer it.

it not be supposed that the Pursuer of Literature had attacked no man but in his public capacity, and that the Progressionist (if we must adopt that *elegant* term) had (*b*) unassailed, provoked the contest, and had demanded, as a right, to know the name of his adversary?—This was exactly the conduct of Sir William Draper, but (whether right or wrong) is not pursued in The Progress of Satire; the author of which (*i*) *claims* no peculiar right to know his adversary, but censures his conduct and his practice. Is it a sufficient answer to resort to a *quibble*, though sanctioned by Junius? In what name could he be attacked, if he gave none to the world? Or are the cases parallel of an anonymous lampooner attacking individuals *by name*, and one who takes

(*b*) Yet in the very outset of his second Letter, he concludes the Author of the Progress of Satire to be what he calls “a smarting scribbler.”—What is this, but denying to those who conceive themselves to be injured the privilege of complaint?

(*i*) Nothing, however, I conceive, can be clearer, as a point of honour, than that any writer who attacks a *Gentleman* by name, and in his private concerns, ought to avow himself, or must forfeit all pretensions to that title.

up

up his pen against that lampooner, and cannot be required to give any advantage to *such* an adversary (*k*)?

It was undoubtedly most *presumptuous* in the Author of *The Progress of Satire*, to style the great Pursuer of Literature his "adversary," or indeed to enter the lists with one who (when the names of both shall be known) will appear to be so much his *superior* in rank and connections, education, and character, and in the esteem of men of honour and virtue. But is there a man who has read the Pursuer's Letter to a Friend (prefixed to his three or four last Editions), and is also acquainted with *The Progress of Satire*, who cannot trace, through several pages of the Letter, an attempt to answer the allegations in that Essay? Is it sufficient that he omits to *name* the Author

(*k*) It is endless to repeat all his misrepresentations: but, as a sample, I may here mention that he represents the Author of the *Progress of Satire* as blaming others for *following his example*. I believe no writer, be his effrontery what it may, would have hazarded his name to such an assertion; which manifestly implies that the *Progress of Satire* was published before the *Pursuits of Literature*.

when

when he repeats the objections brought by him, almost word for word?—The following, in particular, had not, there is reason to believe, been mentioned by any other writer. He was reminded in the Progress of Satire, that so zealous an advocate for Christianity should not have lost sight of its most distinguishing precepts. This charge he warmly takes up, though he studiously misrepresents the purport and meaning of it (1). When reminded of its true import, what is now the evasion? We, it seems, appeal to the Decalogue against his criticisms on *literary works*! Where will misrepresentation end?—Let the Pursuer of Literature enjoy it! His pleasure shall not be disturbed by me. But why accuse me of appealing to the Decalogue?—I never charged him with “bearing false witness against his neighbour;” I have only *proved* it: neither have I accused him of breaking, in his unacknowledged *thefts* from Pope, two commandments at once. But, since it must out,

(1) Stating it to be an objection to Satire in general, not to malevolent and personal Satire.

(m) "Tom, look to thy Commandments, and no further!

"Since there 'tis written, 'Thou shalt do no murder!'"

Need it be remarked to any one who has taken the trouble of perusing this controversy, that the serious question which he complains of, was drawn upon him by himself, that it applied only to his conduct *as an author*, and that it was addressed to a writer who prides himself on his zeal for religion, and who challenges the whole world to produce a passage in his work incompatible with Christian morality (n)?

It is some satisfaction to see an apology at last made for his flippant attack on Mr. Abbot. But, let me ask, if the little Satirist had a proper sense of his misconduct, why was no apology of-

(m) Epigram on Trapp's Virgil.—Not a passage, of those which he has taken from Pope, but is altered, so far as it is altered, for the worse.

(n) The question might be put in a very plain form, and he might be asked (as from man to man) how *he* would like to be attacked, by name and in his private concerns, as he has attacked several respectable persons? To a writer who claims to be ranked above the common lampooners of the day, where is the folly of such a question?

ferred

ferred before, either in the Notes to his late Editions, or the Letter prefixed to them?—I wish not to aggravate any man's misdeeds : but, in the silent suppression of the passage, there appears less of contrition for the offence, than shame at the detection.

He is also, I perceive, ashamed of his allusion to the Literary Fund ; but would it not have been more ingenuous here also to have confessed his error, instead of denying that any allusion was meant ? since he must be sensible that, unless we suppose such an allusion, the passage is little better than nonsense. To readers who were not apprized of that institution, the sentence must have been a perfect riddle : but to all who were informed of the existence and objects of that Charity, and had seen the printed Account of it, the allusion is pointed and clear. If it was not the primary object of the Satirist to injure so excellent an Institution, still it is sufficiently unfeeling to depreciate and misrepresent it for the purpose of ridiculing one of its supporters.

But

But this (o) "playful allusion to the *sportula*" was, it seems, suggested by "Mr. Boscawen's situation as a Commissioner of the Victualling."—What resemblance the victualling of his Majesty's Navy bears in it's nature or object to the distribution of the *sportula* among the Romans, must be left to our *omniscient* Satirist to explain. But on the propriety of his attack on that Gentleman I am willing, if he pleases, to rest the whole controversy. He does not, it seems, nor does his Defender (*ovo prognatus eodem*) admire the late Translation of Horace.—Be it so! The Author of that work is, no doubt, unfortunate that, having, on the opinion of (p) some of the first judges in classical literature published his attempt, having since it's publication received the approbation of

(o) Here he again defends himself on the ground of "playfulness," although he had assured us just before that all the passages alluded to are "*severe, serious, and monitory.*"

(p) A classical work which Dr. Warton, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Tickell, not to mention another Gentleman who (although not an Author) is known in most literary circles as eminent for classical taste, had approved, might surely, without unpardonable presumption, be submitted to the public judgment.

D

every

every scholar whose opinion he has been able to learn, he should be condemned by an anonymous writer and his *Friend*; neither of whom will stake the credit of his name on the truth of his assertion! But has that Gentleman, or have any of his Friends, complained of the censure passed *on his work*? Has he ever (though some think he might safely have done so) challenged his detractor to produce an Ode distinguished in the Original, to which (as far as can be expected in rendering *such* an Author) justice is not done in the Translation?—Has he ever objected to a censure so general and indefinite, which may be applied with some degree of propriety to every Translation (Pope's *Iliad* excepted), and which does not prove the Satirist had even read the work which he condemned?—No: whatever he might *think* on this subject, had this been the only injury, no complaint would have escaped his lips. His cause, *as a writer*, is before the Public, and he is (I am assured) content to abide by their ultimate decision. But, although, when he published his work, he exposed it to all the severity of censure, he did not, it is conceived, expose thereby his profession, his official

ficial situation (in short, all his private concerns) to public misrepresentation and sarcastic obloquy. On this instance alone let the Pursuer, if he dares, speak out;—let him justify this attack, and, in particular, the base and false insinuation which concludes it! (g)

The dispute respecting the Emigrant Clergy may be reduced to a few points.—Before the Reader pronounces on which side the “*babble*” is, let the Pursuer of Literature, or his Advocate (if they *are* different persons), state distinctly what ill consequences he apprehends from our charitable reception of them. Is it that he seriously apprehends the dissemination of Popery among the lower classes of the People, or the subversion of our Established Church, by a number of helpless Exiles, dependent on our bounty, entirely subject to our power, and (for the most part) strangers even to our language? This too is to be effected in the face of a National Clergy, supported by

(g) If no insinuation was meant, why were the words “*other demands*” printed in Italics?

authority, strengthened by learning, connected with the mass of the People, and (in general) respected by them! Is it *babble* to call this an imaginary danger, or to suppose such an event morally impossible? And what other danger can the *Pursuer* apprehend?—But he objects, if I understand him, to the *mode* of relief; though it is administered under the directions of a Committee of *Protestant* Gentlemen; who consult the Bishop of Leon only as being best acquainted with the circumstances of persons applying to be relieved. And surely these Gentlemen (though termed, with his usual liberality, (r) the Bishop of Leon's *Consistory*) are as good judges of the Bishop's character as the *Pursuer* of Literature, who so *candidly* forms his opinion from a print in the shops. But they were maintained "*as a body*."—To be maintained "*as a body*" means, if the words have any rational meaning, that they were formed into a *corporate* body, endowed with property, vested with certain rights and privileges, and entitled to that property and those rights in

(r) See *Pursuits of Literature*, 7th Edition, page 198.

perpetual succession. What is there at all resembling this in the mode of maintaining the Emigrant Clergy? They were indeed (or rather a part of them) maintained *in* a body, and in that situation more easily, I conceive, watched by those whose duty it is to guard the Established Church, and far more easily prevented from obtaining a dangerous influence, than when dispersed and residing among the People. On what a paltry quibble of words does the Pursuer's whole argument turn?

But I had forgot the "*unanswerable commentary*." The influence of the Romish Priests in the late Rebellion in Ireland proves the danger to be apprehended from the French Clergy in England: *i. e.* the conduct and influence of men, the pastors of a people not half civilized, of a people groaning under the pressure of want, oppressed by their landlords, harassed (as they conceive) by paying tythes to the Clergy of a different persuasion, and implicitly attached to their own, forms an exact parallel to the case of Exiles, supported by the precarious bounty of the country in which they reside,

reside, where the lower orders (among whom alone they could obtain an influence) despise their persons, hate their religion, and are ignorant even of their language!—This is the “unanswerable” commentary.”—*O lepidum caput!*

Having said thus much, can it be necessary to follow my Antagonist (I hope he will now permit me to call him so) through all his misrepresentations? Need I expose his attempt to make a common cause with the Author of *The Baviad*, and to represent that Poem as depreciated in *The Progress of Satire*? Must I cite the lines in which the spirited Satirist alluded to is praised in terms as strong as can be used without the grossest adulation; in which he is called upon to lay aside all *petty* warfare, and draw his powerful pen in the defence of his country? Where I differed from Mr. G. I have, it is true, given my sentiments without fear or scruple: but, such is my confidence in his judgment and candour, that I am willing to rest my cause on his opinion, whatever it may be, of *The Progress of Satire*.

To expose misrepresentations is a task sufficiently irksome : but when his adversary goes even *beyond* misrepresentation, in what language is a Gentleman to reply ? Who that has read the Letter I am now examining, would not conclude The Progress of Satire contains an unqualified defence of Dr. Warton for having published Pope's Imitation of the Second Satire of Horace and other of his works of the same complexion (s) ? On the contrary, such a defence is expressly disclaimed ; and the Author unites in the wish that no writings of that nature which were omitted by Warburton had been inserted in the late Edition. But as no motive but a sense, however erroneous, of his duty as Editor could have influenced Dr. W., it did not (I repeat) call for such a profusion of invectives. These too are accompanied by gross misrepresentations ; such as likening those writings, published with the Author's consent and at a mature

(s) An assertion equally *true* is, that the Poetry of The Pursuits of Literature is "*absolutely condemned*" in the Progress of Satire. On the contrary, the character given of it is throughout a contrast of its merits and faults ; and the former are rated much higher than by many good and impartial judges.

age, to such juvenile effusions as Mr. E.'s *Geranium*, and asserting that Pope, the versifier of Chaucer's *January and May* and *Wife of Bath's Tale*, and the Author of that voluptuous and dangerous Poem, the *Eloisa to Abelard* (all of them published in Warburton's Edition) is "the most correct in morals" of any English Poet.

But "*De homine nihil dixit.*"—If defect of memory be (as some have supposed) an evidence of wit, who shall contest the palm with the *Pursuer of Literature*? Attend to the lines in his Text:—

"Better to disappoint the public hope,

"Like Warton *dripping* o'er the page of Pope,

"While o'er the ground that Warburton once trod

"The *Winton Pedant* *shakes his little rod,*

"Content his own stale scraps to steal or glean

"Hast'd up and season'd with *an old man's spleen*;

"Nor e'en the Bard's deformity can 'scape,

"His libell'd person and his pictur'd shape."

But, seriously, what appellation does that writer deserve, who, after publishing such verses as these, can, in the face of his country, assert that "he
" has

"has said nothing of *the man*," but merely criticized his work? (1)

Need I ask too, after citing the above lines, who first made the *age* of this learned and respectable writer the subject of discussion?—the man who, in the attack, insults and taunts him on his age, or he who, in the answer, considers that circumstance as aggravating the baseness of such insults?—Who would not suppose, from the representation of my Adversary, that I held forth Dr. Warton's age as an apology for every supposed defect in his work?—Far from it. I well know and heartily rejoice that he is in the full enjoyment of his faculties (*cruda deo viridisque senectus*).—But I alluded to his age, the better to mark the ungenerous temper of his enemy. For the same purpose I noticed the less important censures. They shew the temper and disposition that could industriously accumulate charges on a

(1) This is, no doubt, the reason that he publishes his Defence as by another writer. He does not choose to be responsible, even as *Author of The Pursuits of Literature*, for the truth of his assertions.

respectable veteran ; whose work could not, from the nature of it, be so conducted as to satisfy every taste. As for the “ smuggled likeness : ” —Is the little Satirist aware that Mr. Hoare revered, nay almost idolized, the great Poet whose form he delineated, and, consequently, that he could not mean to caricature him ? And has any Poet, or any public man, a right to say his person shall never, in any future age, be represented, to gratify the curiosity of his country ? On a fallacy of this kind depend, indeed, most of the objections to this Edition. It is *assumed* to be the duty of an Editor, at the distance of more than half a century, and without any connexion with the original Author, not merely to consult the amusement of the Public, not to give a *true* representation of his Author or a complete edition of his works, but merely to consider how he shall exactly fulfil his supposed desires, how he shall represent his character, his morals, and even his person, in the most favourable light.

Two of the passages alluded to, as indecent, in his own work, the Pursuer of Literature has
(contrary

(contrary to his usual practice) quoted fairly : so that a short explanation may here suffice. Let it be first remembered that these passages were not made a direct and substantive charge against him, or an essential objection to his book, but instanced in reply to his vehement censure of Dr. Warton, and to his bold challenge to produce a single passage in *The Pursuits of Literature* which could be offensive even to female delicacy. In the latent meaning of the first passage there is certainly no indelicacy : but are the terms and the imagery such as a man of any delicacy would read to a woman whom he respects and honours ? —I venture to assert they are not. If the Pursuer of Literature thinks otherwise, I can only say, his female acquaintance must be of a different character from mine.

In the next passage there are certainly no gross *expressions* : but surely the purport of his ridicule on Sir James Burges (clumfy as it is) is sufficiently obvious. In distinguishing between gross or sensual and pure or celestial love, that writer is perfectly classical, and ac-

cords with the well-known distinction between the *Κυπρις πανδημος* and the *Κυπρις ουρανια* of the Greeks. Upon what circumstance then can the little Satirist's ridicule be founded, except that The Triumph of Love is a delicate and sentimental, not a voluptuous poem? And what must be the taste of a man who could read so beautiful a composition with no other sentiments than those of ridicule on the official situation and supposed *prudery* of it's Author?

On the last passage alluded to, he challenges a discussion; which he well knows the nature of the subject will not admit. If in the passage respecting "the Printer's Boy" he meant no allusion to that which is *non inter homines nominandum*, I ask his pardon. But every one must, I think, perceive there is an indelicacy in some of the expressions (till now unexplained) which is not palliated by the least spark of wit (u).

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(u) It is not perhaps strictly proper to introduce any new matter into a reply; as it tends to perpetuate literary warfare. But, should the Pursuits of Literature ever attain another *bond*

The long discussion respecting Mr. Erskine might have been spared, if the Pursuer (or his Advocate) had been pleased to recite *the whole* of the Note alluded to. Whoever can read that Note throughout, and approve such language, to a Gentleman distinguished for talents, most amiable in his private character, and (whatever we may think of his political attachments) sincere and independent in his public principles;—whoever can deem such language “worthy of a Gentleman and a Scholar,” with that man I will not dispute on any point of delicacy, of feeling, or of honour.

Nothing, I conceive, material remains to be discussed (for I cannot view the ribaldry in that light) except the opinions I have ventured to give respecting the *Pursuer of Literature*, and his work.—It is asserted that the “purpose of that work is to exalt and depress the fame of contemporary writers at his will and pleasure.”

vide edition, I could wish the Author to reconcile his abuse of Dr. Warton for publishing certain indecent writings of Pope, with his recommendation to Mr. Cumberland to translate the *heavily* Aristophanes.

The

The answer has artfully blended this assertion with a very different one by another writer, of whom the author of *The Progress of Satire* is ignorant, and for whose opinions he cannot be responsible. Let it be remembered, I said, to *exalt* some, as well as to depress others; in short, to erect himself into a Dictator in Literature. What other and more prominent object can be alleged by his friends and advocates? No doubt we shall be told, "the discouragement of Jacobin writers and their principles."—Why then, if this be *the* great and leading object, does the writer so frequently deviate from, and even counteract it by depreciating and vilifying so many zealous and some highly distinguished supporters of the same cause as himself (x)? Why does he dwell so minutely on subjects unconnected with this leading purpose,

(x) In his list of persons whom he has vilified or ridiculed, he omits the Bishops of Durham and Rochester, Dr. Warton, the Provost of Eton, Dr. Gillies, Dr. Gossset, Mr. Chalmers, Mr. Canning, Sir James Burges, Mr. Pye, Mr. Coxe, and several other respectable persons, whom I could name were it worth while again to wade through *The Pursuits of Literature*?—Mr. Reeves is indeed very justly praised: but so little is the Pursuer acquainted with the circumstances attending his

purpose, and no way reducible to it, but by a ridiculous refinement and evident sophism?

On his pompous list of persons commended by him I will make a few remarks.—Some of these, of distinguished eminence, are praised, I have no doubt, in order to preserve appearances. This is a fair inference, not only from the writer's general conduct, but from the circumstance of almost all these praises appearing in the Fourth Dialogue, published more than three years after the First, and long after he had been accused of bestowing lavish and almost indiscriminate censure. Others, (y) of no great eminence, are connected by intimacy

his Association, or so regardless of them, that he has chosen for subjects of ridicule two of the three Gentlemen who first joined him at that critical period, and who were exposed for some days, unsupported, to the whole brunt of Jacobin resentment. Yet in his *Shade of Pope* (which may be truly termed *magni nominis umbra*), he tells us that the "connexion of the well-disposed" (of whom I presume he considers himself as one) must be "closer than ever." What has he done to strengthen it?

(y) Dr. Glynn is, I dare say, a very respectable man: but, so little was he known to any but Cantabs, that the "Lov'd Iapis on the banks of Cam" was by some readers applied to Dr. Heberden; who is highly loved and respected there. Arch-
deacon

intimacy with the person known to be concerned in the work, if not (in every sense) the Author of it; and others again are persons who, the Pursuer's publisher, or some of his spies, informed him, had praised or (z) favoured it. Many circumstances tend to confirm these suppositions: but, whether they are well or ill-founded, is not material to the propriety of my assertion; for if

deacon Pott is an amiable and excellent character; but must have been surprized to see himself, for one or two sermons and charges, classed with such a writer as Gisborne. Still more extraordinary must it have appeared to Mr. Cox to find his edition of Peere Williams introduced into a work on *general* literature. —All these circumstances point strongly to the *set*, if not to the *man*, from whom the Pursuits of Literature proceeds. His own Essay, indeed, is only "*candid and comprehensive*;" but "his example in translating Runick Odes should be followed." We hear nothing of *Alcaick* Odes: but (*hinc ille lacryme!*) those who were "so unfortunate as not to admire" that performance, or the poetry in the three first parts of the Pursuits of Literature, are invariably stigmatized in the fourth.

(z) Mr. Storer's praise, I am well assured, was a *badinage*. But were it given in earnest, can any thing be more ridiculous than quoting the private opinions of three or four individuals, after a work has been published, in order to persuade the world to admire it? And this assertion is to be believed on the credit of an anonymous writer! But who shall dare to disbelieve this zealous votary of candour, this *firm adherent to truth*?

his distribution of praise and censure be often unjust and partial, it little concerns the Public whether it is so by design or caprice.

" Nothing like *criticism*," he alleges, " has been employed on his work." But before we pronounce what writings may or may not deserve that appellation, let us inquire in what criticism consists. Is it not in applying the principles of common sense to literary compositions? in considering what the nature of each performance requires? whether the conduct of the work be just and regular, the sentiments appropriate, and the language elegant and pure?—By this mode let the performance in question be tried. A forcible, an elegant, and a *well-connected* Satire on " The Abuses of Literature," and particularly on those pernicious writings (falsely termed philosophical) which tend to the perversion of morality, the subversion of order, and the destruction of every religious principle, would undoubtedly, at the present crisis, challenge the applause of our country. To such a Poem a few Notes might indeed be expedient, and in some degree strengthen

and support it. Yet such Notes should only be the Accessories: and I need not tell so learned a man that "*Accessorium non ducit, sed sequitur, &c.*" But a *Common-place Book* of remarks on literature (above which some verses appear, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto* (a)) sometimes on the most important, often on the most trifling subjects—sometimes energetic and eloquent, often (b) declamatory and puerile—sometimes ingenious in quoting, and neat in applying—sometimes pedantic in the former, and clumsy in the latter—sometimes severe on the enemies of religion and order, often

(a) I desire no better proof how insignificant the verses are in themselves, than that the Author found it necessary expressly to declare they "*were not written as a vehicle for the Notes.*"—See the Letter prefixed to the Pursuits of Literature, page 14. The Dunciad has very full Notes: yet, would not Pope have laughed at such an accusation instead of contradicting it?

(b) Many of his pompous sentences, which pass current even with some respectable critics, for want of due attention, will be found, upon examination, to be nothing but *verbiage*, either containing mere *truisms*, or (in some instances) having no meaning at all. As to his verses:—we are told that the nature of Satire does not admit of a very high strain of poetry. But at least it admits of an uniform neatness, perspicuity and elegance. Is the want of this compensated by an occasional "splendid patch," an insulated passage, of laboured, but in part bombast, verses?

satiric

farcaſtic on the friends of both, will ſurely deſerve a very different degree of approbation ; and, ſhould the verſes be ſtill more (c) motley and unequal than the proſe ; ſhould they (although in ſome paſſages energetic) be in many inſtances tame and feeble, in others turgid ; ſhould the purity of language be ſometimes ſtrikingly violated (a fault unpardonable in a ſatirical critic and ſelf-created cenſor of literature) ; and ſhould a frequent obſcurity, ariſing leſs from the nature of the ſubject than from improprieties of expreſſion, pervade the work, on what pretence can the Author aſſume a rank with the claſſical ſatiriſts of his country ? Muſt he not (however curioſity, the appetite for ſlander, and in ſome inſtances a

(c) The queſtion, I conceive, is not—"Whether there are more " good than bad or indifferent lines in *The Purſuits of Literature* ?" (though even on that point I ſhould not be afraid to meet his admirers) but—"Whether there are not a ſufficient " number of impurities and improprieties of language, of incon- " gruous metaphors, of obſcure ſentences, of turgid expreſſions " (in ſhort, of acknowledged faults in compoſition), to denomi- " nate the Purſuer of Literature '*an inaccurate writer* ?"—And let it be remembered, that inaccuracies are not ſo pardonable (after the example ſet by Pope) as they were in the time of Dryden, and that a ſatirical *Critic* is leſs excuſeable than any other writer.

laudable political bias, may give his book a temporary currency) be content to take a very different station with posterity, and, if he is remembered at all, be classed with those whom the fashion of the day has raised to a distinction far above their intrinsic merit? for "*opinionum commenta delet dies, naturæ judicia confirmat.*"

Thus much for his own work.—To the epithets he lavishes on mine, his comparisons of the Author to Dennis, Concanen, Giles Jacob, &c. he is perfectly welcome. I submit the justice of them most cheerfully to all who have read, or may read, the Poem in question. Those to whom it is unknown will hardly believe the representations of an adversary. But, whoever may believe them, there is one, I am confident, who knows and feels their injustice; and that is, *the person himself from whom they proceed*: for what writer ever published a laboured answer (twice the length of the hostile work) to an antagonist whom he really despised? On one condition, however, I will acquiesce even in the judgment which he has passed upon me. When the Pursuer of Literature shall,
by

by any man of acknowledged taste and a reasonable degree of impartiality, be ranked with Dryden and Pope, then shall the Author of *The Progress of Satire* be classed (*judice me*) with the most dull and illiberal of their adversaries. I recollect, indeed, a Rival (for, such is the influence of fashion, he was then considered as such) of the former Poet, the description of whom seems to have been written with a truly *prophetic* spirit; who

———“ without knowing how or why,
 “ Made still a *blundering* kind of melody,
 “ Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
 “ Through *sense and nonsense*, never out nor in;”
 Who—“ was too warm on picking work to dwell,
 “ But faggoted his notions as they fell,
 “ And if they *rhym'd and rattled*, all was well.” (d)

The comment on this text I leave to the admirers of the *poetical* part of *The Pursuits of Literature*.—“ Read his poem,” (as the Pursuer

(d) It was my intention here to have pointed out a few of the many passages to which these lines apply. But the dissection of *The Pursuits of Literature* is in far abler hands. A rod is uplifted, from which our little Satirist may expect a severer castigation than any he has yet received.

himself

himself requests,) and attend a little to the rules formerly required to constitute good poetry. Among these I once heard of elevation of thought (I do not mean bombast), elegance of language, harmony of rhythm, and (surely as essential as any of them) distinctness of ideas and perspicuity of expression. But these are the fond dreams of old-fashioned classical imaginations: happily for the present taste, it is much easier to “*rhyme and rattle* ;” and, if the Poet (I use the name by way of courtesy) can but throw in a *quantum sufficit* of personal malignity, if he can but interest the curiosity, flatter the political opinions, and gratify a certain *amiable* passion of his literary readers, “*all is well.*”

The personal comparison of his adversary to the Hero of Cervantes, may be readily forgiven. Generous in all his sentiments, amiable amidst all his extravagances (“*exorbitances*,” the Pursuer would call them,) the Knight of La Mancha may excite our laughter, but never awakens contempt. But were I inclined, in my turn, to dubb the *Pursuer of Literature* with knighthood,

I would not carry him, to receive that distinction,
out of the limits of his own country. No: I
would invoke the spirit of that *learned* Knight,
who

——“ could speak Greek

“ As naturally as pigs squeak ;”

To whom

——“ Latin was no more difficile

“ Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle ;”

Whose language was

“ A Babylonish dialect,

“ Which *learned* Pedants much affect:

“ ——a party-colour'd dress

“ Of patch'd and pyc-ball'd languages ;

“ Which made some think, when he did gabble,

“ They heard three labourers of Babel,

“ Or Cerberus himself pronounce

“ A leash of languages at once.”

Before I conclude, let me quiet the dreadful
apprehensions of injury to his *sacred* person.

“ Some ” (of his enemies) he says, “ would

“ fight,

"fight, some would assassinate (e)."—If this be the *real* cause of dread, I will insure him, for no great sum ("not the profits of his Poem, but it's real value") against "a thrust with a small sword, or a bullet in the thorax." Nay, so far as concerns myself, even "*the place where his honour is lodged*" shall remain inviolate and secure. My object, as it personally applied to him, (for the chief object of *The Progress of Satire* respected the cause of literature and morality,) was not to assassinate or poison the little man—not to break his heart, but his temper. This object, it must be admitted, has been completely attained. He is angry—I am satisfied.

"Nunc arma defunctumque bello

"Barbiton hic paries habebit."

(e) The Memoirs of PP, the Parish Clerk, were never better illustrated than by the little black gentleman. But by what hyperbolic conceit he can expect the *dignity* of being knock'd on the head, it is difficult to conjecture. No man's resentment has yet transported him beyond the idea of a ducking; and this mock Junius is far more obnoxious to the blanket than the pistol.

FINIS.

